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THE

JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR,

(PUBLISHED SEMI-MONTHLY.)

An Illustrated Magazine,

DESIGNED EXPRESSLY FOR THE EDUCATION AND ELEVATION OF THE YOUNG.

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THE Juvenile Instructor

ORGAN FOR YOUNG HOLINESS TO THE LORD. LATTER-DAY SAINTS.

VOL. XIX.

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NO. 16.

LEARN TO SAVE.

ONE very good habit that all young persons should cultivate is that of saving. They will find it to be a great benefit to them throughout life.

By being saving in their habits we do not mean that they should store up money like the miser, for no purpose but to count over and feast their covetous eyes upon. The miser, in truth, is not saving in his disposition; for while he hordes up the glittering coins he is losing his good name and the respect of his fellow-men, if he ever possessed them; or, at any rate, he is placing himself in a position that will debar him from ever obtaining them.

But by saving is meant to take care and make good use of everything that comes into our possession. Not only should we save our money, but our clothing, our food and every article of value that is placed in our hands. We should preserve our honor by being honest, truthful and upright in all our actions. This we should value more highly than gold or silver, or other property, and, if necessary, should willingly sacrifice the latter for the former.

But it is the saving of our means and property that we wish more particularly to speak about at present. There are many persons who do not realize the worth of what they own, and are, consequently, very wasteful in their habits. Of course, a child who does not have to earn what he receives is not likely to appreciate things at their proper value unless he is carefully taught to do so. But there are persons who have to labor hard for all they obtain, and yet seem to have but little idea of the worth of their means, and who show very unwise management in the disposal of them. It does not always follow that those who have the largest income are the

most wealthy. This depends upon the judgment used in the laying out of one's earnings; and it is in this that the most care should be taken.

However small a man's income may be, he can, with proper economy, generally pay his way as he goes, and, perhaps, lay something aside for future use. On the other hand, it matters not how great one's earnings are, if he is shiftless and wasteful he will be unable to bear all the expenses that he incurs by his slothfulness.

In order to be saving and thrifty one should know the difference between what he wants and what he really needs to sustain life. He should obtain the necessities of life before he seeks its comforts and luxuries.

It is wonderful how little is required to sustain life, and how much is spent for things that are not necessary. For example, consider how much people spend for amusements. We do not at all object to people having any enjoyment, providing they can pay for it, and it is of an elevating character. But in regard to what is true enjoyment persons exhibit as much unwise judgment as in any other matter. We find persons who will spend dollar after dollar to attend some traveling show, or minstrel troupe, that gives exhibitions of nonsense, that are more degrading than exalting in their tendency. People should patronize places of

recreation where they can be benefitted as well as amused. There are amusements that are elevating in their character, and are not at all objectionable. But it is folly to waste means to go and witness every performance that is available, without considering whether any benefit will be derived from it.

There are many temptations for people to spend their



money. But they should try to avoid these temptations and not part with their means without due consideration.

It would be a good plan for children, who have just as great temptations to spend their few cents as older persons have, to procure a box, like the one the boy in the picture has, in which to place their savings. By so doing they would be less liable to lose their money, and would not be so easily tempted to spend it.

But some children may ask, "What is the use of money unless it is to spend?"

It is of no use, 'tis true, only to exchange for something that can be utilized, still it can be spent foolishly and no benefit derived from it, or it may be used wisely and prove a blessing.

We will tell you of a little boy who made good use of his means: He was in the habit of saving all the cash he had given to him, and also that which he earned by doing small jobs or going on errands for his neighbors. On his sixth birthday his father presented him with a neat little chest in which to keep the few toys he had. The inside of the chest was partitioned off into several compartments, and one of these he reserved for holding the money he might receive. Every time he got a nickel or a dime he would carefully stow it away in this chest.

Of course, what he received did not amount to much; but in the course of a year it footed up to a little over three dollars. The next year he added considerable more to this sum, and as he grew older and stronger he was able to do a greater amount of labor, and hence his savings accumulated much more rapidly.

At the end of four years he possessed the neat little sum of thirty dollars, which, although not much, was considered equal to a fortune by a boy of ten years.

The boy had devised several plans in his mind about what he should do with his money. But he could not fully decide. He realized how long it took him to earn it, and he did not wish to let it go unless it was for some worthy purpose. So he continued to store it up, until one day the time came which gave him an opportunity of using his means for a noble purpose. His father, upon whom the family depended for support, took sick. He was unable to work, and he had no income except the wages he received from his employer. When the little boy saw the situation, he freely presented the whole amount of money he had accumulated to his mother. This was enough to support the family for several weeks, and the father was so pleased with his noble son that he resolved to restore to him an equal sum when he regained his health.

In about one month after being taken sick the father was again able to go to his work, and, in fulfillment of his promise, as soon as he could afford it, he paid back to his son the money he so willingly gave to his mother in a time of need.

After considering the matter the boy finally concluded that he would go to school for a few years and pay his tuition with his own money. Previous to this the only education he had received was from his parents. His father was quite agreeable to this proposition, and the boy at once entered one of the schools in the city where he resided.

Having, as he had, earned every cent paid for his tuition, he desired to get the full benefit of his schooling. He was very attentive to his lessons, and made rapid advancement. Thus, in a few years, he was competent to fill a position that required considerable intelligence, and hence he could demand higher wages than an ordinary laborer could. You can see what advantage he gained by saving his money. He was

enabled to accomplish two very useful objects thereby, as well as to learn a lesson of the value of small things.

E. F. P.

Our Theological Class.

SESSION THIRTEEN.

BY URIEL.

THE knowledge of God is the most important knowledge one can possess, simply because it is life eternal. The Savior Himself declared, "And this is life eternal, that they might know Thee the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." To obtain this choice knowledge we have to obey the gospel, because it is the only way to be saved. The Apostle writing to the Hebrews said, speaking of Christ, "Though He were a Son, yet learned He obedience by the things which He suffered; and being made perfect, He became the author of eternal salvation unto all them that obey Him." This class can readily see that it is not faith, or I should say belief, alone that can save anyone. We are not going to be rewarded for our belief, but for our works.

Turn now to the twentieth chapter of Revelation and read the twelfth verse, "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened: and another book was opened, which is the book of life: and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works." Mark this, "according to their works," not according to their belief. Now read the next verse, "And the sea gave up the dead which were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them: and they were judged every man according to their works." We make our own record, we form our own character and our works are before the heavens. Our works are all known, and we will be rewarded or have to suffer according to our works.

Do you not know that there is no greater wickedness than to teach false doctrines, to love and make a lie? The Savior said of such, when speaking of the false religious societies of His day, "Every plant, which my Heavenly Father hath not planted, shall be rooted up. Let them alone: they be blind leaders of the blind. And if the blind lead the blind, both shall fall into the ditch." Now, the popular doctrine is, that no matter what religious society you join, as long as you are sincere, you will be saved. But Jesus Christ taught a very different doctrine; He said, "Wo unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte; and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves." This principle holds just as good to-day as when He uttered it. We cannot think of a greater wrong than to use our education, our talent and our time in advocating that which is not true. It is loving and making a lie. Now read what is said is the reward of this class of men. Turn to the last chapter of Revelation and read from the twelfth verse, "And behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and

the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever *loveth and maketh a lie*." This is very different to the popular doctrine of sincerity saving men and women. My young friends, it is not so. We have our agency. God has given us intelligence, and an honest-hearted person prayerfully reading the scriptures could obtain more knowledge therefrom than from all the educated false teachers in existence.

There is but one way to be saved that is acknowledged by God. This has always rendered the advocates of the straight and narrow path very unpopular. The world never did like truth nor true prophets. They honor and extol false prophets, false teachers, they who make a lie and teach false doctrines. We cannot conceive of a more useless member of society than a false teacher. No matter how learned he may be, how great a logician, how elegant in language, how great in oratory, he is advocating that which is not true, he is deceiving the people. He may be popular and the world may lavish their gold and honors upon him. In this he may have a reward, but it is at the cost of his soul. His works are shocking, he is a deceiver, he loves and makes a lie and the sequel of his life is terrible to contemplate. The evidence of these facts are found in the conduct and spirit manifested by this unfortunate class of individuals and they bear the impress of the works of their master, who was "a liar from the beginning." They advocate the wiping out of the "Mormons," as they please to term us, by the sword. Is not the spirit of murder in their hearts? Do they not show that they are fit associates for "The fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters and all liars," whom we are told, "Shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone: which is the second death?"

My young friends, you have the happiness of being taught true principles; you are being educated in the truth, you are encouraged to pray to God, to lead correct lives, to hold communion with the heavens, to have the Spirit of God in your hearts that you may have a living testimony of the truth and not be dependent upon man but be taught of God. This is your privilege. God has restored to the earth this knowledge and it is a source of joy and satisfaction to all the pure in heart, and it is a terror to the wicked and is the cause of all this alarm in Congress and among the false teachers in the world. They should consider the words of the inspired Psalmist in his second Psalm, "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing? The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord and against His Anointed, saying, Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us. He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: The Lord shall have them in derision. Then shall He speak unto them in His wrath, and vex them in His sore displeasure."

The Latter-day Saints need have no fear so long as they practice the works of righteousness. Therein is our strength. It is not in numbers or in military skill that we trust; but we trust in God. We need not expect any friendship from the world as long as we have the friendship of God. So long as we fear God, and by this I mean fear to grieve the Holy Spirit, or to do anything wrong, we are not of the world. My dear, young friends, you must do the works of righteousness and deny yourselves all unrighteousness to be approved of

God and enter into His rest. Then you need not fear the wicked, but remember that He that is for us is greater than the millions that are against us.

For over half a century the Lord has been teaching the principles of righteousness and calling upon the people to repent, but they will not. They abuse those who teach them correct principles, and have even shed their blood; and because of this, calamity will overtake the wicked and judgment will commence at the house of God, here in Zion. Let us prepare ourselves and stand in holy places that our days may not fail.

EARLY KINGDOMS ON THE EASTERN CONTINENT.

BY J. H. W.

ABRAHAM obeyed the call of God, and came from Mesopotamia to the land of Canaan. This land was at that time occupied by different families descended from Canaan, the son of Ham, but to a great extent open and uncultivated, yet with some early towns scattered over it. The sea-coast to the southward was in possession of the Philistines, from whom the whole country afterwards derived the name of Palestine. The valley of the Jordan including the vale of Siddim surrounding the Dead Sea, was one of the cradles of early civilization, containing five royal cities of which Sodom and Gomorrah were the chief. These were governed by kings, each city having its own king. But these kings were tributary to an empire, the center of which was on the eastern bank of the Tigris. It is probable that the kingdom erected by Nimrod had, by this time, extended itself to the Jordan. The kings of the cities of the plain of Jordan had, about the time of the call of Abraham, rebelled against the king of Elam, which was one of the names given to the kingdom founded by Nimrod. The next year Chedorlaomer with four confederate kings, one of whom was the king of Shinar, came down upon them, defeated the kings of the Jordan valley, and plundered Sodom and Gomorrah. This coming to the ears of Abraham he armed his trained servants, three hundred and eighteen in number, and, with some confederate chiefs, pursued and overtook the invaders and recovered the booty from them.

Egypt, which had been settled by Mizraim, the son of Ham, was then governed by a king, and by the intercourse and inspired teachings of Abraham received some knowledge of the true God and advanced rapidly in the sciences of that age. Either Abraham was the architect or one of the designers of the pyramids; and as we advance in our knowledge of ancient Egyptian learning we learn more of the extent and character of those ancient sciences, which were interwoven as it were into every stone, and step, and chamber of those mighty structures.

Damascus, situated in a fertile and well-watered valley on the edge of the Arabian desert, was already a beautiful city. It is still called by the inhabitants of that country Sham, which renders it not improbable, that it was built by Shem the son of Noah.

When Abraham came out of Mesopotamia he brought with him Lot, his nephew, who went down to live in the valley of the Jordan near the city of Gomorrah. While he was there, the

wickedness of that and the neighboring cities became so intolerable, that God rained fire and brimstone upon them, and destroyed them. At the same time the ground seems to have sunken, and formed the salt lake which is now called the Dead Sea. Lot, having been warned of the impending fate of the cities, fled to the mountains to the east of the Dead Sea, where he had two sons, Moab and Ammon, by whose descendants that district of country was afterwards peopled.

To Abraham was born a son Ishmael by his wife Hagar. He took up his residence in the wilderness between the south of Palestine and Egypt, and from him many of the Arabs of the present day claim to be descended.

To Abraham in his old age was born his son Isaac by his wife Sarah. Through Isaac the promises made to Abraham, before leaving Mesopotamia, were to be fulfilled. Isaac, before the death of his father, married his near relative, Rebecca, by whom he had two sons, Esau and Jacob. Esau, or Edom, became a man of the field, and frequented Mount Seir, to the south-east of Palestine. His descendants, for many ages, occupied that district, under the name of Edomites, and afterwards that of Idumeans.

Jacob went to Mesopotamia and married two of his near relatives, Rachel and Leah, and by them and two other wives, he had twelve sons, who became the heads of the twelve tribes of Israel.

Abraham had also children by Keturah, another wife, whom he sent away from Isaac to the eastward. Among these was Midian, who became the head of the Midianites, a nation that is frequently noticed in subsequent history.

Jacob remained in the land of Mesopotamia for twenty-one years, and then returned to Canaan where he found Isaac still living. Rebecca, his mother, who had aided him to obtain his father's blessing, did not live to witness the return of her favorite son. Esau, who had addicted himself to the chase and probably also to warfare, was at the head of four hundred armed men, and resided chiefly in Mount Seir. Jacob had eleven sons at the time of his return to Canaan, and one was born afterwards. The youngest two were sons of his favored wife, Rachel, and were distinguished by him from his other children, by particular tokens of affection. This occasioned discontent and envy in the others, which being increased, with respect to Joseph, the elder of Rachel's sons, by his fidelity in reporting their vices, and by certain dreams, that seemed to indicate an ambition to rule over them, they seized an opportunity of his being at a distance from his father to sell him to a company of merchants passing through the country. These merchants, who were Ishmaelites and Midianites, brought him to Egypt and sold him there as a slave.

While he was there, the king of Egypt had a remarkable dream, which gave him uneasiness, and Joseph being informed of it felt himself warranted by a divine impulse to interpret it. He was accordingly brought before Pharaoh, and interpreted the dream, to signify that it indicated that there would be seven years of plenty in the land of Egypt, followed by seven years of extreme scarcity. Joseph was immediately raised to the highest rank in the kingdom of Egypt, being entrusted, during the years of plenty, with the collecting of grain for supplying the deficiency of the approaching years of famine. While he was engaged in this office, during the years of scarcity, the famine having reached Canaan, Joseph's brethren came to Egypt to purchase corn. Joseph at once recognized his brethren, though twenty-two years residence in Egypt had so changed the countenance of Joseph that

they did not know him. After a variety of measures the purport of which seems to have been to bring them to a sense of their guilt, he at length made himself known to them. The result was that, on the invitation of Joseph and also of the king of Egypt, Jacob and his whole family removed to Egypt, where he lived about seventeen years and died.

The Israelites, being placed in a fruitful part of the country, increased, under the blessing of God, with amazing rapidity.

Cush, the eldest son of Ham, and his descendants had already settled to the south and south-east of Egypt, in what was then called the land of Cush; but now included in Upper Egypt, Nubia and Abyssinia. A few years later they were formidable enemies of the Egyptians.

Under the administration of Joseph, Egypt rapidly rose to opulence and power, and he, having the control of food, was able to make his own terms with the people. The arrangement was that the people were to pay one fifth of the products of the soil in place of taxes and for the support of the government. This enabled the king to maintain a powerful army and engage in those public works, the ruins of which are still the admiration of the world.

TAMPERING WITH TEMPTATION.

(Continued from page 237.)

I HAVE said that, as a boy, Bernard Martin's besetting sin was covetousness: this evil propensity had grown upon him in his youth; and now that he had taken possession of what did not really belong to him, he longed to call it his own. It was not that he had any immediate or prospective need which the half-sovereign would supply. But to keep it in his purse, and to look upon it as the little seed which was to grow and grow till it should become the foundation of his future fortune—the thought was so pleasant that he must needs indulge in it. In other words he "tampered with the temptation," just as he did in the former case; and though he did not exactly determine that he would not restore the piece of gold if he should have the opportunity, he certainly hoped that the opportunity would not occur.

But the opportunity did occur. One day, about a month later, he was sent out on an errand to a distant part of the town; and, as he was walking along the pavement, he met the gentleman full in the face. He did not know him at first, but the gentleman evidently recognized young Martin, for he stopped him.

"Are you not a bookseller, my lad?" the stranger asked.

"Yes, sir; I am in Mr. B.'s shop in ——— Street," said Bernard Martin, in a confused sort of way.

"Ah, I thought I knew you. Do you remember selling me a railway guide?"

Martin's heart began to beat rather violently, for a struggle was going on in his thoughts. Now was the time of trial and strong temptation. He did not know what to do. Should he be honest, and lose his unfair gain—or what he had looked upon as his fair gain? Or should he face it out? There was something unpleasant, or so the youth thought, in the gentleman's tone and manner, which rather offended Bernard, and still more inclined him to hesitate.

"Why don't you answer me?" said the stranger, rather impatiently.

"I am thinking, sir. I have so many customers to serve, that I cannot remember everything at once. But I believe now that I did sell you the book."

"I know you did," rejoined the gentleman. "Now, how much did I give you for it?"

"Wasn't the price sixpence, sir?" he asked; "because we have threepenny and sixpenny guides," he added.

"It was a sixpenny book I bought of you, young man," said the stranger. "But what I wish to know of you is, how much did I give for it?"

"It was sixpence you gave me for it, sir, I remember now." (So it was, the internal tempter whispered to him, as he spoke. So it was; for of course the sixpence was included in the half-sovereign.)

"You are sure it was sixpence, are you, my lad?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir," said the youth, boldly. For the plunge was taken now; and it was not so very uncomfortable after all. Do we not read, indeed, of the pleasures of sin? And all sin has its momentary pleasures, perhaps.

"You are quite sure, are you?" The stranger repeated, keenly.

"Yes sir."

"I beg your pardon for interrupting you, then," the gentleman went on. "I fancied after I left the shop that I had made a mistake. I could not return then, for I was going off by the train, and was in a great hurry. But I thought I had made a mistake. But as you are quite sure that I did not, there is an end of the matter. It is of very little consequence. Pray excuse me for stopping you." Saying this, the gentleman passed on rapidly, and was soon out of sight.

I cannot tell you how Bernard Martin felt just then, except that he knew himself to be pretty secure from detection. For however convinced the stranger might be of having made the mistake, there was no one to prove that Bernard was cognizant of it. "I have only to keep my own counsel," he thought within himself, "and then I shall be all right."

All right! But was he all right?

* * * * *

It was about two years after the incident just told that a young man, seventeen or eighteen years of age, stood in the felon's dock, in the court-house of a county town, to be tried for robbing his employer. Much interest was felt in the case; and much compassion was excited towards the unhappy youth.

This was not because there was any doubt of his guilt, for the proofs of this were plain; but it was said that he had been hardly dealt with by his employer, who, having at one time given him more confidence than ought to have been reposed in any mere lad, afterwards, when his suspicions were raised, set traps for his honesty, and placed temptations in his way which were too strong for him. It was said, too, that on the discovery of the young man's guilt the employer became implacable and unmerciful, declaring that his dishonest apprentice should receive the full extent of punishment which the law could award, and would listen to no prayers and entreaties made on behalf of the culprit, and to no promises of amendment and restitution made by him.

(To be Continued.)

HE that does you a very ill turn will never forgive you.

GOOD FOR NOTHING.

"GET away with ye, for an idle, good-for-nothing thief!" exclaimed Mrs. Paton, as with an angry gesture she waved from her door a ragged, miserable lad who stood before it. "Never shall you be trusted with another errand by me! To take the biscuits out of the very bag! Don't tell me you were hungry; don't tell me you won't be after doing it again! I was ready, I was, to give you a chance, since I knew that you was a homeless orphan; but I'll not be taken in twice! Go, beg about the streets or starve, or find your way to the workhouse or the jail; I wash my hands of you; I'll have nothing more to do with ye, I tell you, ungrateful and good for nothing as you are!" and, as if to give force to her words, Mrs. Paton slammed the door in his face.

Rob Barker turned away from the house with the look of a beaten hound. He knew that the reproaches of the woman were not undeserved, that he had not been faithful to his trust. Deprived, when a child, of his parents' care, brought up in the midst of poverty and vice, growing even as the weeds grow, uncared for and unnoticed, save as something worse than useless, he seemed as if born to be trampled upon; he appeared to be bound by no kindly ties to the fellow-creatures who despised him. A feeling of savage despair was creeping over his soul.

"Ay, I'm good for nothing, am I," Rob muttered, as with slouching gait he sauntered down the street, not knowing whither to go; for all the world was alike to him, a desert without a home. Almost fiercely he looked at the passers-by, some on foot, some in carriages, some upon prancing steeds. "They are good for something," thought Rob; "they have their homes and their friends, their kind parents, their merry children. They are loved while they live, and sorrowed for when they die. But I, I have no one left on earth either to love or care for me, or miss me when I'm gone. Life is just one tough, hard struggle; there's none will help me through it!"

Rob stopped at the corner of a street, leaned against an iron lamp-post, and moodily folded his arms. The bare brown elbows were seen through the holes in his tattered sleeves. His worn-out shoes would hardly hold together.

"I say you, won't you come in there?" said a voice just behind him. Rob started, he so little expected to be addressed; and turning half round, he saw a pale boy, in clothes that were poor but not tattered, who pointed to a door close by, over which was written "Ragged School."

"I'm not wanted there," muttered Rob.

"Every one's welcome," said the little boy; "and it's better to be in a warm room than standing out here in the cold. I'm late, very late to-day, for I've been sent on an errand, but I think I'm in time for the little address: teacher, she always given us a bit of a story at the end. I can't wait, but you'd better come in;" and with the force of this simple invitation, Sandy Benne, for such was the young boy's name, drew the half-unwilling Rob within the door.

But a few minutes after the entrance of Rob, at a signal given by the teacher, a tall, fair lady in mourning, books and slates were put back in their places, the morning's lessons were ended, and the school looked like a bee-hive when the bees are about to swarm.

"Now we shall have the little address," whispered Sandy, who had kept an eye upon Rob; "the teacher is going to knock upon the floor with her parasol, and then won't we be quiet as mice!"

There was no need to call "silence!" two little raps upon the floor were enough to make every rough scholar in the place go back to his seat in a minute, and remain there as still as a statue.

"I have promised to give you a story, my dear young friends," she began, "and as I am speaking in a Ragged School, and to those who are called Ragged Scholars, you will not be shocked or surprised if I choose for my subject a Rag."

The teacher's cheerful smile was reflected on many a young, sunburnt face; *rags* were a theme on which most of the company felt perfectly at home, though few present, except poor Rob, actually wore the articles in question.

"On a miry road," continued the lady, "trodden down by hoofs, rolled over by wheels, till it became almost the color of the mud on which it was lying, lay an old piece of linen rag, which had been dropped there by a beggar. Nothing could be more worthless, and long it lay unnoticed, till it caught the attention of a woman who, with a child at her side, was picking her way over the crossing."

"I may as well pick that up for my bag," said the woman.

"Oh, mother don't dirty your fingers by picking up that rag!" cried the boy, with a look of disgust; "such trash is not worth the trouble of washing! It's good for nothing,—just good for nothing; it is better to leave it alone!"

"Let me judge of that," said the woman; and stooping down, she picked up the miry rag, all torn and stained as it was, and carried it with her to her home. There she carefully washed it, and put it with other pieces of linen in a bag; and after a while it was sold for a trifle to a manufacturer of paper.

"If the rag had been a living creature, possessed of any feeling, much might it have complained of all that it had then to undergo. It was torn to pieces, reduced to shreds, beaten till it became quite a pulp; no one could have guessed who looked at it then that it had ever been linen at all. But what, my young friends, was the end of all this washing, and beating, and rending? At length a pure, white, beautiful sheet of paper lay beneath the manufacturer's hands: into this fair form had passed the rag which a child had called *good for nothing*."

"But the sheet was not to lie useless. Not in vain had it been made so white and clean. It was next carried to the press of a printer. There it was once more damped, so as better to receive an impression; then it was laid over blackened type (that is, letters cast in metal), and pressed down with a heavy roller, until every letter was clearly marked upon the smooth white surface. God's holy word had been stamped upon it, the sheet was to form a leaf of a Bible; such honor was given to the once soiled rag, which a child had called *good for nothing*!"

"And where was this Bible to be? to what home and what heart was it to carry its message of mercy? It was bound, and gilded, and bought, and carried to the royal palace of the queen. The Bible lay in the sovereign's chamber, it was opened by the sovereign's hand; her eye rested upon that which was more precious to her than her crown! What was it to her that a portion of the paper had once been a worn-out rag dropped by one of the meanest of her subjects? It had been washed, purified, changed; the word of God had given it value. Well might the queen prize and love it as her best possession upon earth."

"Dear friends," continued the lady, looking with loving interest on the listening groups before her, "can you not trace

out now a little parable in my story? Need I explain its meaning? There have been some neglected ones in the world, as little cared for, as little regarded as the rag which lay on the miry road. But who shall dare to say that even the soul most stained by sin, most sunk in evil, is *good for nothing*? Such souls may be raised from the dust, such souls *have* been raised from the dust. While God spares life we may have hope.

The lady ceased, but her words seemed to echo still in the ears of poor Rob. He stood fixed to the spot where he stood, scarcely conscious of the bustle around him as the scholars noisily quitted the room. A door of hope had been suddenly opened before the almost despairing lad; a gleam of light had fallen on his darkness. Rob Barker had read the history of his own past life in that of the trampled rag; could a like future be before him?

The teacher's attention had been attracted by the wretched appearance and earnest look of the stranger lad. A feeling of interest and pity made her watch him, as he lingered in that room in which he had first learned that it was possible for such as he to be saved. As Rob walked slowly from the place, the lady overtook him, asked his name, and inquired what had brought him to the Ragged School that morning.

"I believe that God brought me," murmured Rob, and his answer came from his heart.

"Where do you live?" said the lady.

"I have no home, no friends," replied the lad, in a tone of gloomy despair.

"You are young, you look strong and active, you must never give up hope," said the teacher; "God is willing and able to help all who come in faith to Him. Let us see if no way can be found by which you can earn your bread as an honest boy should do."

The lady herself did something, perhaps to some it may seem very little, to aid the poor homeless lad; she had many poor to think of, many claims on her purse. She gave but a stale roll, an old broom, and the means of procuring a single night's lodging together with an invitation to come every day and learn at the Ragged School. This was but a small and humble beginning to Rob's new start in life. I am not going to trace his career through all its various stages. He was the crossing-sweeper, the errand-boy, the lad ready for any message or any work, cleaning boots, putting up shutters, carrying parcels to earn a few pence or some broken victuals. Life was a struggle to Rob, but he was learning more and more to put his trust in that Heavenly Father who never forsakes His children. He was learning to be honest, sober, and pious. Gradually the sky brightened over Rob; his character became known and trusted, and greater prosperity came.

Rob entered service, and rose in it; he remained for nearly twenty years under the same kind master, then with his honest earnings set up in business, and prospered. Rob lived to be known and respected in the world as a good husband, father and master. He lived to be useful in the station of comfort and honor to which God's mercy had raised him, and to look forward with humble hope and rejoicing to the changeless glories of heaven.

Such was the career of one who had once been deemed *good for nothing* by a fellow-creature!—*Selected*.

FORGET other people's faults by remembering your own.

INDUSTRY is fortune's right hand, and frugality her left.

"PUFFING BILLY."

ONE bright day in June, 1781, a group of miners who had just finished their work were standing around Wylam Pit, near Newcastle, England.

Word was passed from one to another that a baby boy had been born in old Bob's cabin. Old Bob, the engine-man at the pit, had a houseful of children already, but he and his wife had plenty of love for the new-comer, whom they called Geordie.

Wee Geordie Stephenson was not born with a silver spoon in his mouth. His father's house was a rough hut, with unplastered walls and a floor of clay.

Geordie began to work when he was less than seven years old, at twopence per day. A lady paid him this sum for looking after her cows. When a little older, he was taken on at the colliery as a "picker," receiving sixpence a day, and at fourteen he became his father's assistant at a shilling a day. A year or two later he was given the charge of an engine of his own. It became his pet, and never had engine better care.

At eighteen years of age George Stephenson could not read. He was wide awake, and had a great longing for knowledge, but did not understand the alphabet. This could not be borne.

He went to a night-school, and paid three-pence a week to be taught spelling, reading and writing, and soon a Scotch minister who knew him undertook to teach him figures. He worked very hard, and made great progress.

In his leisure hours, when he was not busy with his engine or study, he made and mended shoes. Bit by bit he saved a little money, and by-and-by he was able to marry.

I supposed you are wondering what all this has to do with "Puffing Billy." Have patience: I am coming to that part of my story.

Though James Watt had invented the working steam-engine, as yet there was no traveling steam-engine. It was George Stephenson who first laid rails, found out what the locomotive could do when attached to cars, and sent the iron horse spinning along the line. His first locomotive was called "Puffing Billy."

If you were to peep into some of the public journals of the England of 1825 you would laugh at the fright the people felt at this monster, which fed on coals and water, and flew over the road at the rate of eighteen miles an hour. Some thought it was like witchcraft. Others gravely said that one might as well be shot off like a rocket at once as put themselves at the mercy of such a machine as this.

George Stephenson kept quietly on, plodding at everything he attempted, until he had found out its secrets. Whatever he did, he did with all his might. When men opposed him he did not lose his temper, but only said: "Wait awhile and you will see."

"Suppose, Mr. Stephenson," said a grumbling somebody, thinking he was advancing a terrible objection to the new iron horse—"suppose a cow should happen to be on your line?"

"Well," replied Stephenson, very coolly, "it would be a bad job for the cow."

So it is all through life, boys. When a brave, wise man has a new and brilliant thought it will never be put a stop to by any "cow."—*E.c.*

DEVOTIONAL LINES.

BY J. C.

Let others tune the lyre
And sing of wealth and fame;
Welcome their vain desire
For titled, gilded name.

A nobler theme is ours,
Which thrills through ev'ry nerve,
Enlisting all our pow'rs
To God, the Father, serve.

Gold, silver are but dross;
Mere trophies of a day,
Which may be gain or loss
As Fate decrees to say.

But faith, and truth, and love
That crown our passing hours,
Are from the mint above,
And witness life is ours.

As dropping plant and flow'r
Smile, kissed by rains and dews,
E'en so the Spirit's power
The weary soul renews.

And wafts from realms on high
The balm of heavenly grace,
To fit and purify
Us for a better place.

Blest Spirit, condescend,
While we may labor here,
To be our guide and friend
Till we with Christ appear

To sing in anthems sweet
The wonders of His love,
That He hath deemed us meet
To dwell with Him above.

AN ENGINEER'S PATHETIC STORY.—"Yes, indeed, we have some queer little incidents happen to us," said the engineer, as he pried his oil-can about and under his machine. "Queer thing happened to me one day about a year ago. You'd think it queer for a rough man like me to cry for 10 minutes, and nobody killed either, wouldn't you? Well, I did, and I can almost cry every time I think of it. I was running along one afternoon pretty lively when I approached a little village where the track puts through the streets. I slack'd up a little, but was still making good speed, when suddenly, about 20 rods ahead of me, a little girl, not more than three years old, toddled on to the track. You can't even imagine my feelings. There was no way to save her. It was impossible to stop or even slack much at that distance, as the train was heavy and the grade descending. In ten seconds it would have been all over; and after reversing and applying the brake, I shut my eyes. I didn't want to see any more. As we slowed down, my fireman stuck his head out of the cab window to see what I'd stopped for, when he laughed and shouted to me: 'Jim, look here!' I looked, and there was a big, black Newfoundland dog holding that little girl in his mouth, leisurely walking toward the house where she evidently belonged. She was kicking and crying, so that I knew she wasn't hurt, and the dog had saved her. My fireman thought it funny, and kept on laughing, but I cried like a woman. I just couldn't help it. I have a little girl of my own at home."—*E.c.*

It often costs more to revenge injuries than to bear them.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON,

EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, AUGUST 15, 1884.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

LATTER-DAY SAINTS will be distinguished from among all people, before many years, for the number and excellence of their public structures. Considering our narrow means, we are already remarkable for enterprise in this direction. Already there are enemies who condemn us for this, and who would like some of our public structures converted to other uses than those for which they were built. But God has commanded us to build temples and other edifices in which His people can assemble and receive instruction. We have always been taught that attempts of this character upon our part would be met by the most bitter opposition and active hostility on the part of the adversary. It was the case while the temple at Kirtland was being erected; and even the digging of a foundation of the temple in Missouri called forth the anger of the mob.

The temple at Nauvoo was built under serious difficulties; the workmen had to labor, much of the time, with their weapons convenient so that they could resist attack, and it required the united faith and devoted exertions of the whole Church to finish the building sufficiently for the holy ordinances which God had revealed to be administered unto His people therein.

Four temples will soon be completed in this Territory. Two are already finished, and under their sacred roofs holy ordinances are administered for the benefit and salvation of the living and the dead. The temple at Manti is being pushed forward to a speedy completion. The temple in this city will soon have its walls erected, and before many years we hope to see it prepared for the administration of ordinances.

We need not wonder at the hatred of the adversary of souls against a people who build temples according to God's command. He understands very well that if the children of men will enter into such holy buildings and receive the ordinances there administered, and be faithful thereto, his power over them is lost forever, and his kingdom must go down. The struggle with him is a desperate one. He wishes to retain his supremacy on the earth—the territory which he has usurped and over which he has held dominion, by all the trickery and violence of which he is capable, for so many generations. God designs to overthrow him, to break his power, and to have His children live for one thousand years free from his domination. Great issues are involved in this struggle; but God's kingdom will triumph and His people will be freed from the thralldom which Satan seeks to impose.

There is another use to which temples are put that will prove of great benefit to the rising generation of the Latter-day Saints. The Lord has commanded His people to "seek out of the best books, words of wisdom, to seek learning even by study, and also by faith." He has commanded us to make

our temples houses of learning, in which His people may receive instruction in every useful science. In the temple in Kirtland much valuable instruction was given to the Elders. The Prophet Joseph himself, through instruction received there, made considerable progress, especially in a knowledge of languages. Others of the Elders also studied diligently there and acquired much useful knowledge. Circumstances prevented the Saints at Nauvoo from deriving any benefit of this character from the temple, for they were scarcely permitted to receive the ordinances therein, being compelled to flee from their enemies. It was not long until the temple itself was burned, a fate at which the Saints rejoiced more than they would have done had the building, used for such holy purposes, remained in the hands of the wicked. It will not be long, we hope, before, in the temple just completed at Logan, we shall have branches of education taught that will be of great value to all who shall have the privilege of becoming students.

There is no reason why we should not become the best educated people upon the face of the earth. God has given unto us a knowledge of many true principles, and by this knowledge we are saved from the study of the many foolish and ridiculous theories advanced by so-called scientists in this day. The progress, therefore, of the Latter-day Saints, who study principles of science, should be much more rapid than the progress of people who have not the basis of truth which we have to build upon. The acquirement of languages among us should be very easy, because we have access, through faith, to the gift of languages (or tongues) and the interpretation thereof; and we know, by personal experience, that God does bless His servants with this gift, who seek to acquire languages for the purpose of preaching His gospel. Latter-day Saints should be the best linguists on the face of the earth, because their mission is to all people—men of every nation and tongue—and among us there should be men found who can speak every language known among men. It is not too much to anticipate that the same success which has attended the Elders in the study and teaching of theology will be with them in the study of other branches of learning, until the Latter-day Saints will be known as possessed of more sound learning and a knowledge of all the affairs of life, here and hereafter, than any other people upon the face of the earth.

WISDOM AND MODESTY.—The celebrated Aboo Yusuph, who was chief *cadi*, or judge, of Bagdad, in the reign of the Caliph Hadee, was a very remarkable instance of that humility which distinguishes true wisdom. His sense of his own deficiencies often led him to entertain doubts where men of less knowledge and more presumption were decided.

It is related of this judge that, on one occasion, after a very patient investigation of facts, he declared that his knowledge was not competent to decide upon the case before him.

"Pray, do you expect," said a pert courtier, who heard this declaration, "that the caliph is to pay your ignorance?"

"I do not," was the mild reply. "The caliph pays me, and well, for what I do know. If he were to attempt to pay me for what I do not know, the treasures of his empire would not suffice."

HE is my friend that speaks well of me behind my back.

A TRUE FRIEND.

"YOU would not be surprised at my love for that dog," said Mr. G—— to his friend, pointing to the beautiful animal that walked by his side, and which seemed to understand what was being said, "if you only knew how good he has been to me. On more than one occasion he has been the means of saving my life."

"I know," replied Mr. G——'s friend, "that some dogs are endowed with more than ordinary intelligence, for exhibitions that I have witnessed, and incidents I have heard related, were, indeed, a source of great wonder to me. It has been told me by those I have no reason for disbelieving, that in the neighborhood of Cupar, in the county of Fife, there lived two dogs, mortal enemies to each other, and who always fought desperately whenever they met. Captain R—— was the master of one of them, and the other belonged to a neighboring farmer. Capt. R——'s dog was in the habit of going messages, and even of bringing butcher's meat and other articles from Cupar. One day, while returning, charged with a basket containing some pieces of mutton, he was attacked by some of the curs of the town, who, no doubt, thought the prize worth contending for. The assault was fierce and of some duration; but the messenger, after doing his utmost, was at last overpowered and compelled to yield up the basket, though not before he had secured a part of its contents.

"With the piece saved from the wreck he ran off, at full speed, to the quarters of his old enemy, at whose feet he laid it down, stretching himself beside it until he had eaten it up. A few snuffs, a few whispers in the ear, and other dog-like courtesies, were then exchanged, after which they both set off

together for Cupar, where they worried almost every dog in the town; and, what is more remarkable, they never afterwards quarreled, but were always on friendly terms.

"Other curious things I have frequently heard about the dog; but I would now like to hear your story."

"Well," said Mr. G——, "one day I went out into the mountains for a hunt. I was alone, except for the company of my riding pony and this noble dog. As I was traveling along the mountain side, in search of game, I suddenly heard

a rumbling sound and on glancing up was almost paralyzed at seeing a huge rock coming directly towards me. My horse made a leap, but it was too late. The rock struck him fairly on the hind legs, breaking them like straws, but throwing him so far out of the way that I was not scratched by the rolling stone. Before I could alight, however, the horse had fallen and my leg was broken in several places. Immediately the horse tried to regain his feet, and, with every move, caused me most terrible pain, until I finally shot him to keep him still. But I now swooned from the severe pain I was suffering. As I regained consciousness I found my dog moaning piteously at my side and licking my hands. As I spoke to him he started and joyfully wagged his tail and seemed anxious to relieve me.

"What was I to do? Here I was, far from home, in an unfrequented part of the mountains, with a crushed limb, and fast losing consciousness. Hastily pulling out an old newspaper I chanced to have in my pocket, I wrote on the margin a note to my wife, telling her to immediately send me help. Placing the paper in the dog's mouth and motioning towards home, he started off as fast as he could go in the direction indicated. From that time I knew nothing until I found myself at home, in my own bed, and being cared for by my family.



"My wife then told me how the dog had come home and had scratched, whined and barked at the door until it was opened and he had delivered his message. He then faithfully guided the rescuing party to the place where I lay in such agony, and thus was my life saved.

"On another occasion I was attacked by two highwaymen as I was returning home in the night and had it not been for my faithful companion, there is no telling what the result would have been. But he fought desperately, first biting one and then the other, until they were glad to leave me and escape themselves.

"These and other things have made me love this dog, and I look upon him as a friend with whom I would be very sorry to part."

AMERICAN ANTIQUITIES.

BY J. R. F.

(Concluded.)

UNTIL quite recently the generally-accepted theory of the colonization of America, was that it was settled by a people who came from Asia by way of Behring Strait. A few years since, however, this theory commenced to lose ground. Mr. Squires in his work on the antiquities of Peru has shown us quite clearly that the ruins around Lake Titicaca are as old or older than any on the continent. It is his opinion that there was the first settlement. Mr. Baldwin says that the race probably originated in South America, and spread from there into Mexico and Central America. It is now agreed that the Peruvian ruins represent two distinct periods in the ancient history of the country. One being much older than the other. Mr. Prescott says that there existed in the country a race advanced in civilization before the time of the Incas. Montesinos in his account of the previous history says that one old city was built on ruins. Tradition says of the ruins near Kuamanga: "That the city was built by bearded white men, who came there, long before the time of the Incas, and established a settlement."

Montesinos claims from traditional history he was able to pick up that there were three distinct periods in Peruvian history. There was a period which began with the origin of civilization and lasted until the first or second century of the Christian era. Second; there was a period of disintegration, decline and disorder, during which the country was broken up into small states and many of the arts and sciences were lost. This period lasted more than 1,000 years. Third and last came the Incas. He further says that Cuzco was settled by a people of four brothers; the youngest of which assumed control and became the first of a long line of sovereigns. He gives a list of sixty-four of them. The last sovereign was killed in battle by a hoard of invaders who came from the south-east. After this all was confusion for a great many centuries. Life and personal property were endangered, and civil disturbances caused the loss of the use of letters. There, as in Mexico, is in tradition frequent mention of strangers who came by sea and held intercourse with the people. This was in older times. Tradition says that the use of iron was known in older times, but during a time of civil disturbance it was neglected and lost. All of the nations in Peru had a name for iron at the time of the conquest. It is not easy to believe

they would have a name for it unless they had at one time known its use.

In Mexico and Central America, as in Peru, three distinct periods are placed in traditional history: First, the Chichimecs; second, the Colhuas; and third, the Toltecs or Nahuas.

The Colhuas are described as the original civilizers. Some of the traditions say they came from the east in ships. Others that they came from a great city called Xibalba in a country bearing the same name. That they found the Chichimecs, a barbarous people, in the country, and taught them to cook their food and cultivate the earth. Another tradition is, that there existed somewhere an ancient empire, known as Huehue-Talapan, from which the Toltecs came to Mexico, in consequence of a revolution or invasion, and from which they had a long and tiresome migration to the Aztec plateau. It is said that some of the Toltecs came by land and some by sea. It appears that Huehue-Talapan was successfully invaded by barbarians who were united under one great leader. There was a terrible struggle, but after about thirteen years the Toltecs, no longer able to resist successfully, were obliged to abandon their country to escape complete subjugation.

Two great chiefs led the march of the emigrating nation. At length they reached a region near the sea named Talapan-Conco, where they remained several years, but they finally undertook another journey and reached Mexico, where they built a town. Some writers maintain that the Colhuas and Toltecs of the old books were the same people and that Xibalba and Huehue-Talapan were the same city. The original citizens of Peru, the Toltecs of Mexico and the mound builders of this country were probably the same race. What became of the Toltecs, is a question yet unanswered. Were they wasted away by civil disturbances, or were they pursued and destroyed by their former enemies, the barbarous tribes from whom they fled?

It is generally believed that the mound builders of this country were driven south by barbarous hordes from the north-west, but on what grounds I am unable to say, unless it is that the mound builders are gone and the barbarians are in possession of the country. Some writers try to trace a resemblance between our Indians and the wandering tribes of Asia, and even assert that they came from Asia, found a civilized people here, drove them out and took possession. They also say that the Indians of North and South America are different and distinct races. In what way? Not in color, manners or customs. There is no other difference than a long separation and different climates will make in any race. We think it much easier to believe that the tribes now found in Siberia were emigrants from America than that our aborigines were from that country.

In 1829, Joseph Smith gave the Book of Mormon to the world, claiming it to be a history of the aboriginal inhabitants of this continent. At that time he was twenty-three years old, with a very limited education. The country west of the Mississippi was almost an unexplored wilderness. South America and Mexico were agitated by wars and internal disturbances. Most of those countries were then struggling for independence. Very little was known of their ancient ruins outside of their own borders, and very little inside. Most of the books bearing on this subject at that time were published in the Spanish language. Joseph Smith could not read Spanish, yet he gave to the world a history that subsequent discoveries have substantiated.

From the Book of Mormon we learn that a civilized race landed on the coast of South America somewhere near Cobiga, the

sea port of Bolivia. Their first permanent settlement was in the region of Northern or Central Peru. In this region, Mr. Squires claims, are the oldest American ruins.

They were driven from there by barbarians and next settled in Columbia. From there they journeyed by sea and land into Central America, Mexico and the United States; but their great capital, Zarahemla, was in the northern part of South America. From this capital they were driven by the barbarous hordes from the south; their journey was no doubt a long and weary one; driven by day and night by a ruthless enemy, and hunted on every hand, like sheep by a pack of wolves. They fought their tireless pursuers for years until hope died out, and they gathered all their armies together in the present State of New York, where the last great battle was fought; there they perished and left the dusky barbarian triumphant. It is noticeable that in Ohio and Western New York more ancient fortifications have been found than in any part of the American continent yet explored.

Whether the Nephites of the Book of Mormon were the bearded white men of Peruvian tradition or the Nahuas of Central America we will leave the reader to judge.

Whatever may be said of the Book of Mormon as a divine work, one thing is certain, as a history of American antiquity it has no equal. By it the conjecture of man fails, his opinions become as chaff before the wind of truth and are blown away, while this goes on and will go on gaining favor in the minds of thinking men, until the key, the fullness that we lack, shall be ushered from the fountain of divine truth, from whence all truth originates.

HUNTING THE END OF THE RAINBOW.

BY FAITH WYNNE.

"I DO wish it would stop raining. It's just splash, splash, all the time, and I want to go out to play so badly!" said Bessie Baies impatiently, as she and her sister Bertha rested their elbows on the window sill and looked out at the little pools with troubled eyes.

"It always does rain when we have a holiday, said Bertha, pettishly.

"Come here, my dears," said mamma from her couch, where she had lain several weeks, a helpless invalid, yet so patient and smiling that her room was the center of attraction for the household. "Now sit down beside me while I tell you some of the uses of rain, so you may never be tempted to speak in such a naughty way again. The air every once in a while needs washing just as you do. There are many things in it that would produce disease if they remained there. They would not only be injurious to us, but the dumb animals; and the ground would become so dry that the beautiful flowers you love so well would die, because they need a drink as well as you do—and their mouths are in their roots. As soon as the sun comes out again you must notice how fresh and lovely everything appears after its shower bath. You should be very thankful that God has given us water so abundantly. The absence of it brings suffering that you cannot imagine. See, it is clearing away now. The sun is struggling through the clouds, though it still rains a little. If you will look

toward the east I think you will see the beautiful bow of promise."

With a skip and a jump the little girls disappeared from their mother's room and found a bright, many-colored arch across the sky.

"Oh, don't you remember Tom Sanders said if we'd go to the end of the rainbow that we'd find a bag of gold?" said Bessie, clasping her hands and shrugging her shoulders in an ecstasy of delight at the thought.

"Mamma said we could never find the end, and we must not be so silly as to try it," said Bertha.

"Well, but mamma is sick so much that she can't walk half so far as Tom; and he says he knows, if we can find the end, the gold will be there. I s'pose he must have seen it," said Bessie.

"Yes—I know; p'raps he does know better than mamma about a little thing like that; but mamma knows better about everything else," said Bertha, too loyal to her mother to be willing to acknowledge that her wisdom was at fault often. And so after they had discussed the matter a little longer they began to waver in their intentions to obey mamma. If they had been quite obedient they would not have hesitated between right and wrong. It is so easy to go over to the wrong side! And so they went. They walked very briskly at first, and two very happy, rosy faces peeped out from under the umbrella and kept their eyes upon the rainbow, that was now hidden behind chimneys, now dipping down below the tall roofs. They reached the edge of town before they knew it, and came to a broad common.

"I see the end, over there behind the roofs," cried Bessie.

"This common is awfully muddy!" said Bertha, looking down at her new shoes.

"Well, who cares? If we find the pot of gold we'll buy all the shoes in the world," said Bessie encouragingly.

And that settled it. Away they went, plunging ankle-deep into the soft clay. In one place their shoes stuck so fast that they could hardly pull them out, and they were so heavy that they could not walk, so they took them off, with their stockings, and carried them in their hands. And, oh, how tired they were getting!

"There! the sun is out, and we've gone away from the rainbow. I'm afraid we've missed it after all," said Bessie.

"Well, I'm too tired to carry home the pot of gold, anyhow," said Bertha, beginning to cry.

"I'll just give it to Tom Sanders the next time I see him. I believe he told us a big story," said Bessie, with difficulty restraining her tears.

"Mamma was right," sobbed Bertha.

"She always is, I guess. It's awful wicked to disobey our parents," said Bessie, beginning to repent when she began to suffer.

And sadly they turned homeward; but they were very much ashamed of their dirty feet, which they could not hide, so they concluded the next best thing would be to hide their heads, which they did by opening the umbrella and letting it rest low down on their shoulders—and a funny picture was made of an umbrella walking on two pairs of very muddy feet and legs.

When the little girls reached home they ran in through the back yard, and the water trickling down the tin pipe at the back of the house pleasantly suggested a place to wash off the worst of the mud. But the two troubled, tear-stained faces looking anxiously down upon the water falling upon little bare feet were very different in appearance from the eager, happy eyes

that had looked up at the sky a short time before. And when, awhile later these little girls appeared before their wondering mamma, with muddy shoes and stockings, and told their story with quivering lips, she made them sit quietly down and think whether any act of disobedience had ever brought anything but sorrow to their young hearts.

HOW NED TOOK A STAND.

BY EDWARD A. RAND.

(Concluded.)

"MERCY!" cried Harry Grace as, hearing a noise, he turned towards the school-house. There was the teacher coming at full speed brandishing a stick, and for a little while making a good deal of commotion. The boys all rose, undecided what to do. Harry Grace, the blunderer, then, and ever fated to be a blunderer, decided the matter for them. He thought he would retreat down the bank. In making his first move he pushed against Joe Shelton, and Joe jostled Billy Simms, and Billy did as much for Tim, the ring-leader.

Tim had now shouted, "The enemy, boys! Run!"

The invitation only accelerated their movements, and Harry pushed Joe harder and Joe pushed Billy harder and Billy pushed Tim harder, and over they went and down they went, rolling, tumbling, sprawling, all in a heap together. Who got to the bottom first, they could not tell, nor who got there last. They only knew that Miss Gaines was there about as quick as any of them but she came in good order, fully armed, and laid the stick on, right and left. One by one, they scrambled up the bank, and ran into the school-house, to be greeted with derisive laughter by the school. The last arrival was Tim led in submissively by Miss Gaines. She sagaciously picked him out as the ring-leader and dealt with him accordingly. From that hour, Miss Gaines, the queen of the Meadow Brook school-house, reigned without a rebellious subject. This, though, was not the last of it. The afternoon of the day of the insubordination, a hat with a very broad brim appeared at the door. The hat belonged to a Quaker by the name of Goodman Fairweather. He was very popular with the boys, and every one liked to have his good opinion. Goodman Fairweather made a speech while in the school-house.

"Scholars, I have called to-day for a special purpose. The teacher is my niece ('Whew' thought Tim). I have had a great desire to see thy school," he said addressing his niece, "and I want to say this to thee and thine. I wish thee, Emily, my niece, to pick out the boys and girls who have best obeyed thee, and the next Saturday, I want thee to bring them to my place. My big picnic-wagon shall be at the door of thy school-house by eight in the morning, and I warrant thee and thine that a better picnic will never be held than next Saturday. The best of my house and farm, Emily, is for thee and thine."

"Oh, he!" exclaimed Tim unable to contain himself.

"Silence!" demanded Miss Gaines with an air that sent a shudder through Tim.

When the Quaker left, Miss Gaines told the scholars that she would read the picnic list Friday night.

The night came. The scholars sat in suspense as the twilight deepened in the school-house. Ned's name was read and all others were made happy, but alas, for one boy,

there was no word uttered that had the least resemblance to "Tim."

EARTH'S CREATURES.

QUADRUMANA.

UNDER this title we will consider the four-handed animals; the monkey, orang-outang and chimpanzee, because *Quadrumana* signifies four-handed.

While in Germany, I at one time was in conversation with a gentleman who held the theory that the animals I have above named, were the ancestors of the human family, or as I understood it, man is but an intelligent monkey. I told him I had no objections to him considering the monkey his noble ancestor, but I claimed man, intelligent man as mine.

It is not desired that the young folks should think that the monkey has no intelligence, but the intelligence of the man compared with that of the monkey is as widely different as their resemblance.

The monkeys are found on both continents, but their manners and vivacity are so widely differing. The nearest resemblance to man are the apes, viz: the orang-outang of Borneo, the chimpanzee, the gorilla and koolookamba of western Africa, and the long-armed apes of India.

First the orang-outang: It is generally known by the bushmen as the "wild man of the woods." It inhabits the Isles of Borneo, Sumatra, Malay peninsula and forests. These animals possess a sense so acute as to be able to imitate an action after having once seen it performed. They will drink from a glass, eat with a fork or spoon, use a napkin at the table, wait at table, and assist their master to wine. They are very quick in imitating, and it seems their especial delight. I will give an anecdote of the drolleries performed by one of those creatures, and next time try and get some more. It is really amusing.

M. Coubaesson had tamed a young ape and was at one time, considerably taken down, as we say, by it. It appears that M. Coubaesson was a minister, and whenever he had religious rites to perform, it was necessary to lock the orang-outang up in a separate room. The animal one day, however, made his escape and followed his master to church. He quietly mounted to the top of the organ, where he sat until after the commencement of the service when he slyly slid down and getting in front began imitating the preacher in all his gestures much to the amusement of the hearers. The preacher not knowing the cause of their laughter, reprimanded them severely, and even threatened them with the wrath of heaven; still they laughed and roared. The more violent the preacher became the more amusing were the acts of the monkey. Finally his attention was drawn to the ape, when he too burst out laughing. We will give further descriptions of this curious animal next time.

UNCLE ZEPH.

WHATEVER parent gives his children good instruction, and sets them at the same time a bad example, may be considered as bringing them food in one hand, while poison is in the other.

A covetous man does nothing that he should do till he dies.

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE twenty-fourth of July, the anniversary of the arrival of the Pioneers in Salt Lake Valley, calls up a host of recollections. Thirty-seven years have elapsed since that noble band of men and women—for there were three women in the company—entered this valley. The prospect was most uninviting for men who had lived in a land watered by the rains of heaven. Desolation reigned on every hand. Not a tree or scarcely a shrub to enliven the landscape as far as the eye could reach, except on the margins of the streams where a few cottonwoods, small birch and willows grew, deriving their nourishment from the proximity of the creeks. All the herbage was dried up. The bunch grass, of which there was considerable on the benches, looked like dried hay and as though it might be destitute of nourishment. Experience proved, however, that though the land looked so much like a desert, stock of every kind readily grew fat on the nutritious grasses which had been dried by the sun's rays and without having its strength exhausted by pouring rains. But at that time it required the eye of faith to discover in this uninviting prospect a place where the Zion of God should be established.

The Pioneers were the first men of our race to ever attempt artificial irrigation of the ground by means of running streams. Indians, Mexicans and descendants of the Latin races who inhabit the south of Europe had used irrigation for the purpose of agriculture, but no men of Anglo-Saxon descent had lived, in any numbers, in lands where it was a necessity. The prospect of having to depend upon irrigation to raise crops was by no means cheerful or inviting, for it seemed to involve too much labor; and then it was a serious question whether even with the aid of irrigation, crops could be successfully raised in this valley. Mountaineers familiar with the climate declared they could not be; that there was frost here every month in the year; and Bridger, when the Pioneers passed his fort, declared that it was an impossibility and said he would be willing to give a thousand dollars for a bushel of corn raised in this valley. But President Brigham Young had such a strong faith upon this subject that nothing seemed to affect it. He listened to these reports; he heard everything that everybody had to say, and was still unmoved in his faith regarding this country as the place for the Latter-day Saints to settle in. Undoubtedly the Lord had shown him in vision the spot where this city should be built, for upon emerging from Emigration Canyon, while he was laying sick in the carriage, he turned his eyes towards Ensign Peak and stated that below that was the place where the city should be built. Afterwards when he walked over the ground and the meeting was held by the Pioneers, he told them that they might send their exploring parties north, south and west, but they would all return and say this was the spot for the commencement to be made. Thirty seven years have elapsed and how fully his views have been sustained! I have heard him say many times, when speaking about the wonderful development we have made, that he had seen in vision far more than we had yet attained to; he had seen it all that we had accomplished while the valley was yet a desert.

Visitors who come here to-day cannot have a fair and full conception of the condition of affairs when the Pioneers reached here. A grave was dug shortly after I came in the Fall, and in looking at the soil it seemed as though it had never known

moisture, it was so dry and dead in its appearance. Latter-day Saints were not very numerous who believed, even for one or two years afterwards, that fruit trees could grow here, and, but little comparatively was done in that direction for some time, partly for the want of seeds. Besides there was a feeling on the part of very many that we would not remain here long, and that Jackson County would be our immediate destination. This feeling arose in part from a lack of a full comprehension of the Lord's method of building up Zion. These mountains and valleys have evidently been prepared by the Almighty as a fit abode for His Saints. No country was ever better adapted for such a people; no people were ever better adapted than the Latter-day Saints for such a country. These valleys appear to be our natural habitat. It requires such toil, perseverance, energy and union as Latter-day Saints only possess, to subdue these high valleys and make them homes for an agricultural people. There are other parts of the States more inviting, where crops can be raised with greater ease than here, and to these lands men who are not of our faith naturally wend their way. Yet it is a strange fact that there are many people—those who hate our religion and all who believe in it—who envy us the possession of these hard-earned homes and would drive us out from them if they had the power. It is very plain to be seen by one who has had experience and is familiar with the difficulties and unremitting toil which have to be encountered in creating and maintaining such homes as we have, that if we were to leave these valleys it would require but a very few years to have them return to their former desolation. There would not be sufficient inducement here, if we were absent, to have the cultivation of the earth carried on. One has but to visit Kirtland in Ohio, our settlements in various places in Missouri and the City of Nauvoo, to be satisfied of this. These settlements were in lands as rich and inviting as could be found anywhere upon the continent, but decay is everywhere written upon their surface. Nauvoo, one of the most charming and beautiful sites for a city that could be found anywhere almost in the earth, is to-day almost a desert; and desolate places, empty houses, stagnation of business and decay are everywhere apparent.

The 24th of July is a day that all the children of the Latter-day Saints should cherish and bear in continued remembrance. It is the day upon which this commonwealth was founded; a day that brought deliverance to Zion and filled the heart of every lover of Zion then living with great joy and gladness. The place had at last been found which God designated as the place to which His Saints in every land should gather; a land that should be a land of freedom, and where they could grow and become a mighty people through the observance of His laws and ordinances. Though there may be no public celebrations of the day in our settlements, it should always be a day never to be forgotten because of its memories, and every boy and girl in our community should have impressed upon their minds the great value of the achievement, through the blessing of the Lord, accomplished by President Brigham Young and his brethren, the Pioneers.

MONEY does all things for reward; some are pious and honest as long as they thrive upon it, but if the devil himself gives better wages, they soon change their party.

HE that after sinning mends, recommends himself to God.

Lessons for the Little Ones.

GRABBING RIDES.

THE other day as I was taking a cross-town car, I noticed among a little knot of persons, all waiting to take the same car, a little hunch-backed, crippled boy. Watching to see if he got safely up the steps, what was my surprise to see the crooked, doubled-up figure suddenly straighten out as the boy jumped nimbly up and seated himself on the back platform, peering cautiously around the side of the car to see if the driver had noticed him.

There he sat, as straight, handsome, bright a looking boy as one would wish to see. I wondered if this boy ever realized the price he was willing to pay for the pleasure of a ride on the platform of a street car; and as I left the car, after riding a few blocks, I asked the little fellow to give up his ride and walk a few steps with me.

"What is your name, my boy?" I asked as we stepped upon the pavement.

"Martin Luther Smith."

"Well, Martin," said I, "I don't believe the good man for whose sake you were named ever stole."

"I don't steal," and my little companion fixed his brown eyes upon me with a look of wonder and indignation.

"I don't believe he told lies, either," I continued.

"Neither do I tell lies."

"I took you for a little crippled boy a few minutes ago."

"Oh!"—the brown eyes dropped—"I was only foolin'."

"Fooling whom?"

"Why, the car-driver."

"You didn't fool me."

"No, ma'am I wasn't trying to."

"Nor yourself?"

"Of course not."

"Nor God?"

No answer.

"I'm afraid, Martin," said I, "that if you keep on 'fooling' in this way, you *will* be a cripple some day."

"I guess not; I never run risks like some boys that grab rides."

"Not in a certain way, perhaps: But you run the same risk that all boys do who try to deceive and cheat. You run the risk of growing up with a crippled character. You would think it a great pity

to lose the use of your limbs, and go through life maimed and unfitted for work or pleasure; but it would be a far greater pity to grow up a deceitful boy, with a conscience warped and twisted by tricks of dishonesty. Keep a straight conscience, Martin; be 'upright in heart.' Then you will be ready to do God's work in the world, and enjoy the good He has in store for you; for 'no good thing will be withheld from them that walk uprightly.' Will you try to remember all that, my boy?"

"Yes ma'am, I will," and Martin looked as though he meant to keep his promise.—*Ex.*

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

One day at school

I told the boys

'Twas wrong to chew tobacco;

A six-year old,

Grown very bold,

Presumed to give his veto.

Says he, "I saw

A fellow chaw

Because he had the toothache;

'Taint never wrong

For any one

To chew that has the toothache."

The school agreed

With him; indeed,

His logic charmed the urchins.

Quite puzzled, I

Could scarce reply

At first to his assertions.

A happy thought,

However, brought

Relief from Greeley's namesake.

"Horace," I said,

"If a girl instead

Should chance to have the toothache,

And want to chew,

What should she do?"

Like older ones by time unschooled,

He scratched his head,

And then he said,

"She'd orter have the tooth pulled."

—*Occident.*

IN Fame's temple there is always a niche to be found for rich dunces, importunate scoundrels, or successful butchers of the human race.

HOW SWEET ARE THE MEM'RIES OF YOUTHFUL DAYS!

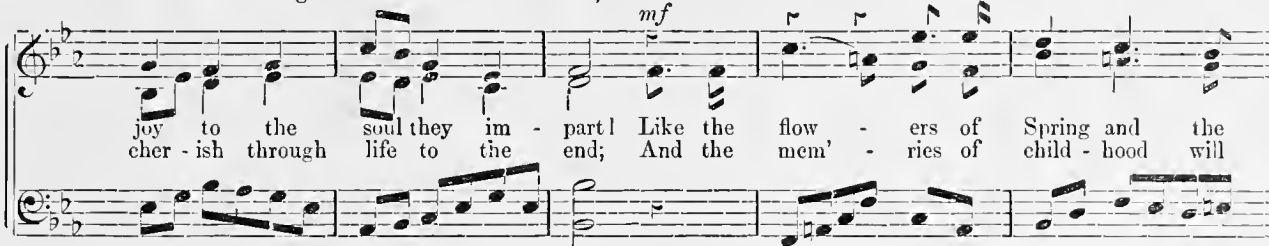
WORDS AND MUSIC BY EDWIN F. PARRY.

Andante. mf

1 O how sweet are the mem'ries of youth - - - - - *pp* ful days! *p* O what
2 O the fond re - col - lec - tions of years - - - - - long past We will



joy to the soul they im - part! Like the flow - ers of
cher - ish through life to the end; *mf* And the mem' - ries of



Spring and the sun's bright rays, How they gladden and cheer the sad heart!
child - hood will ev - er last, Like the love of a true, faithful friend. *p*



sun's - - - - - bright rays, How they gladden and cheer the sad heart! 'Tis a
ev - - - - - er last, Like the love of a true, faithful friend. While the



pleas - ure to think of those mo - - - - - *mf* bright That were spent in youth's
sun - beams of youth still do glow at our feet, Let us guard well our



When no sor - row we knew, and our
That in years yet to come we can

sun - shine and bloom, *p* When no sor - row we
course in life's ways, That in years yet to



AN ADDRESS TO "MORMON" BOYS.

BY ADD-CAPUT-VILLE.

YOUTH of Zion, heirs of Priesthood, will you be up and doing?
Do you know what wondrous labors it must be your lot to do?
Have you thought of what the prophets in the blaze of heaven's
glory,

Speaking for the great Jehovah, have declared must soon
ensue?

There are labors for the present, there are labors for the future,
Hands and minds within the present must be trained for
future work;

Ev'ry talent, tact and function of your mind must be awakened,
There is great reward for action, there is shame for those who
shirk.

Lo a spirit in the Priesthood beckons onward, beckons upward,
And it says to every one of you, "Prepare for deeds of might,
For the star of empire rises shining, eastward o'er the moun-
tains,

And a nation will this day be born to stand for truth and
right.'

Is there burning in your bosoms patriot flames of noble daring -
Thoughts of liberty arising heavenward like altar fires?

Is there love for God and honor? is there faith in revelation?

Is there knowledge, skill and wisdom for the work that God
requires?

Lo! in majesty arises God's great kingdom mid the nations;
With resistless power is it already moving on its way;

Thrones before it trembling, falling, must away before its pro-
gress,

And the universal kingdom over all have sway.

From the Priesthood there is needed kings and princes, judges,
teachers,

Governors for mighty nations in all lands beneath the sun,
For the King of kings as ruler soon will come to take His king-
dom,

And the great millennial epoch will in earnest have begun.

Youth of Zion rouse to action, study well prophetic vision!

Struggle till the Holy Spirit burns within you like a fire!

Till your faith has led to knowledge and all mysteries have van-
ished,

While the heavens open to your gaze when e'er you may
enquire.

If you're groping in the darkness of a theoretic science

Where each hypothetic dogma of the gentiles surely leads,
Burst the fetters thrown around you, look to God the great Crea-
tor,

Who, as Architect matures His plans all previous to His deeds.

All this scientific guesswork, all this wisdom of the wise men,

All this work of blindness in the night of evolutions school,
Should be left for those that crave it, loving mysteries of the
darkness:

"There is no God," the fool hath said, so let them act the fool.

God is the Architect of the planets and each universe was drafted
To the end that ev'ry planet might be peopled by His race,
And the times for each are given, and for each a law is written,
And the Holy Spirit moveth all by law from place to place,

'Tis a subterfuge of Satan to entice the minds of many
From the more important questions and emoluments of truth,
By presenting themes and subjects foreign to God's revelations,
That the knowledge God has given may be carried from our
youth.

Then arouse, O! youth in Zion, and be earnest in the kingdom,
God requires you one and all to be most zealous in this cause:

'Tis a warfare you must realize where laggards are in danger,
And the only safe within the fray are those who live His laws.

Onward, onward, be progressive! tarry not for idle pleasures;
And from dances and amusements turn the mind to nobler
things;

Find your pleasures in well-doing—learning of the truths of
heaven—

And that untold joy and pleasure that the Holy Spirit brings.

THE answer to the Puzzle, published in No. 14, is COX-
COMB. It has been solved correctly by S. P. Horsley, Para-
goonah; Albert Curtis, Logan; William Brewer, Hennefer-
ville; Hyrum Goff, West Jordan; Wm. E. Gooch, Oxford,
Idaho; Orlando Funk, Washington; Sophrona Larson, Annie
W. Hanson, Charlotte Wight and Christina Hanson, Brigham
City; Elizabeth Manning, Farmington; Frank Pickering,
Payson; L. J. Holley, Springville; Thos. C. Jones, Salt Lake
City.

NOTHING that is not a real crime makes a man appear so
contemptible and little in the eyes of the world as inconsis-
tency.—Addison.

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